

Development of the English Tongue.

Edward III was the first to encourage English composition. During his reign the English language began to develop into a vigorous growth. After having passed through these successive periods of development, it needed a further stimulus to bring it to its present position.

The English language has been highly favored with minds of rare eminence, who have brought the inherent power and vitality of their native tongue. In every period of its growth, developed and improved styles have given it transparency and copiousness. They arrayed it in garments it had never worn, as in their fertile brains ideas germinated which were not stirring in the minds of the masses—as in their spiritual cravings started up unmet by others. Chaucer, the father of English poetry and a living worshiper of nature, left it wealthier in descriptions of natural objects. He was followed by a vast assembly of poets, who have consecrated it as a temple in which to pour forth great jubilation of song.

In the Elizabethan era of the sixteenth century, words by thousands were naturalized, and the language was endowed with powers of intellectual and spiritual expression; Spenser, with his exquisite fancy and creative genius, drew out its fine musical harmonies and the unimagined richness of its diction. By the minds of poets, rude, imperfect and rough implement is polished and refined, till it mirrors in all their delicacy the emotions that fill and agitate the human heart. Shakespeare developed and improved the art of bodying forth visions of the imagination, and of revealing internal and immortal conceptions to a perfection before Milton gave an example of the glorious vigor with which it could be employed to vindicate the rights of freedom, and with what solemn awe it could be marshalled into verse, to unfold a drama which human life for the first time brought to its theater, and eternally for its completion.

Bacon and Locke, earnest seekers after truth, in natural and mental science, enlarged the philosophical language to explain abstract reasonings, and the language of observing inquiring minds. Edwards, with an intellect of unbending purpose and of rigid logic, carved out its stern and massive features, and gave us a new model of the compact consistency of its logical train. Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, and all the brilliant satirists and essayists, with historians and reformers of that age, contributed largely to exhibit in their pointed, pointed, sharp, and its fertile versatility, its plant adroitness, bold simplicity and strong dignity. Wordsworth showed how it could be used to hymn the divine meanings, and transport us to the world of grandeur and loveliness, where thoughts grow flowers and life makes music. Coleridge taught how it could be made to weave the robes of dream, mystery and to lay open the steps of profound investigation into the labyrinth of recondite problems; he popularized the language of metaphysics.

A precocious young incendiary, one of a gang of four, arrested at New Haven the other day, when apprehended, remarked: "All the officer can get out of me he can put in his eye."

White Sulphur Springs.—The roll of brimstone under your nose, and drink freely of that warm water, and you will find it in your pockets. Procure a second-hand diabetes, change your linen six times a day, and strut loftily under a tree.

Old Sweet Springs.—Get a large tub and put some white pebbles in the bottom. Sit down in it and blow soap-bubbles. Dress your best, and don't know anybody.

Red Sweet Springs.—Obtain some iron filings, paint red, put 'em in a tin or pitcher, and look at 'em every day. Eat much mustard, and go to bed early. While you sleep eight times a day.

Yellow Sulphur Springs.—Get good living on the top of a hill, where you can't see any thing whatever. Domineer, draughts and backgammon.

Allegany Springs.—Sit down on a hard chair in a deep, hot hole, and drink citrate of magnesia and Epsom salts. Gamble some with dyspepsia.

Cayuga Springs.—Take the Lynchburg papers, and gaze with them daily on the side of a naked hill. Whist and religious tracts.

Rockbridge Alum.—Select some cases of cancer on the face, with a few necks, scrofulously raw, and drink with them daily in different vitals. Then catch the dripping from the eaves of a very old house, in a tin cup with long handle, thicken the drops with powdered nutgalls, and drink three times a day.

All Healing Springs.—Throw a green blanket in a shallow pond, and wallow in it. Cut off a strip of blanket, and clap it to your ribs. Read old novels and talk to pious old ladies about death and chronic diseases of the digestive tract.

Berkley Springs.—Keep your skin clear, and know nothing about Baltimore ten-pins, Pecks of Oiler.—Climb a high pole on a cold day at sunrise. Stare your eyes and wattle.

Wet's Cures.—Go into the cellar at midnight, feel the edges of things, and skin your shins against the coal-scuttle. Sit down on a pile of antiseptics, with a tallow candle, and wonder.

Old Point Comfort.—Build a hog-pen in a mud-puddle; fill it with cookie-butter and cranberries, and call it anti-bacterial. Drink bad whisky. Don't sleep. Lie down with your windows open, and no cooling on. Come home with a sub-bone in your throat, and oyster-shells in your head, a pain in your stomach, and 10,000 musket-balls on your body.

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